

The Golden Ticket

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The Golden Ticket

by [AtticusCrete](#)

Summary

Hannibal does something rather stupid and Bedelia gets to hear all about it. Will talks the Hobbs shooting. Abigail meets Hannibal, Will, Alana and Freddie. Abigail has her own plan! Set around the Hobbs case.

Welcome to the Dr Plushy Pants AU where there is humour, tenderness, familiar faces, different deaths (squee), and some angst, corresponding fluff, slow burn, and divergences (Franklyn lives!). Watch for tags for each chapter/part. Canon adjacent. Maybe a second cousin twice removed - some events out of sequence.

It spans beyond the three seasons, and starts with 'a terrible name for a Museum', I've written bits from along the timeline. The ending of the whole series is already written. I'm currently going back to fill in the gaps.

And sorry about the titles, I'm rubbish at titles, and summaries, and notes, *shrugs* in my first four weeks of writing I clocked just under 100,000 words, what can I say? Feedback and friendliness gratefully received. I answer all comments, though it can take me a bit of time.

In real life I'm an archaeologist, and have other things I'm supposed to write and read. But I'm always delighted to hang out here...

Who bought the golden ticket?

Chapter Summary

Hannibal does something he regrets. Bedelia may come to regret it more.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

'Bedelia? ... It's Hannibal Lecter (as though she'd know more than one Hannibal) I'm sorry to disturb you. Could I possibly arrange an emergency appointment? For myself. Today if possible. Thank you. 6pm would suit me well. I will see you then.'

...

Bedelia looked down into the depths of her coffee cup. Usually she'd have opened a bottle of wine, in particular if Hannibal was coming for a session. But he'd sounded uncharacteristically un-nerved and she thought it best to have her wits about her too.

'So, Hannibal, do sit, you're looming.'

'Yes' Hannibal paused 'sorry'. He sat down opposite his psychiatrist. She could only look at him. She couldn't remember Hannibal ever having apologised before. Usually because there was never any reason for him to do so. She waited him out.

'Thank you for agreeing to see me. I find myself in the unenviable position of having done something rather stupid, and intensely regrettable'

Bedelia continued to stare, whatever else Hannibal was, he was a hugely controlled and centred individual. So much so that she wondered sometimes how much help she was ever able to offer to such an ice-berg of a man. For him to admit something of this order. Well she could see why he'd asked for this session.

'Tell me, as much as you are comfortable, about what has occurred.'

Hannibal paused 'it is indelicate of me to say so but I find myself needing reassurance that this conversation will be subject to doctor patient confidentiality'

'And that's a reassurance I can willingly give you. Don't let that particular obstacle stand in your way.' Just in case there are others that will, she added mentally to herself.

'I spoke last week about Will Graham.'

'The FBI investigator with the unusual neurology?'

'Quite so. We have met on a few occasions. It transpires we have friends in common, though we only met recently'

'Yes, you said as much last week. Has something occurred in relation to Mr Graham?'

Hannibal gave a heaving sigh 'I like him. He is interesting, his neurological condition presents in a fascinating way. But that is not what is at stake here. Though it is connected.... His superior at the FBI asked me to accompany Will on a fact finding mission today. I availed myself of that, and even went so far as to collect Will on the way. We, err, ate breakfast together. I made some and brought it to his motel.'

Bedelia raises her eyebrows, this is more unbending than she has ever heard Hannibal be.

'We went to a site office and interviewed a site foreman. We did this several times. It was repetitive and not terribly interesting. But it was fascinating to see how Will gathered information from each place and each person. I felt privileged to be on the inside.'

Hannibal paused for a considerable time. Bedelia had to stifle an urge to tell him to spit it out. However she was rarely so direct. She counted beats. At 300 beats Hannibal resumed.

'When we were eating breakfast Will told me he didn't find me that interesting. I admit I found that slightly wounding. After all, we had only just met and I was endeavouring to be friendly. I may even have said as much. But that's not the issue.'

He paused again. Bedelia made a small go on motion, just to keep the momentum of his speech going.

'At one of the sites we found that someone, a pipe fitter, had failed to include their address on their resignation letter. Not more than sloppy epistolary but notable. We'd already arranged a number of follow up interviews by phone. Whilst Will was out of the office moving files to the car, I phoned the man, to ask if he was available for interview'

Hannibal paused again. This was clearly very difficult for him.

'It proved very unfortunate. It became clear when we located the house that the man I had spoken to was actually the man we had been searching for. As a result of my call...'

He stopped again and Bedelia wondered if he might be about to cry. She had seen Hannibal cry before but it was rare

'... as a result, he had already killed his wife, and Will had to step in and shoot him, very unfortunately not before he also slit the throat of his daughter. I managed to stop her from bleeding out. It was deeply traumatic for all of us. The girl is in intensive care. Will was almost beside himself with anguish. He has, apparently had trouble discharging his fire-arm in the field on previous occasions. This time he emptied the clip.'

'I find myself almost overwhelmed with guilt. If I hadn't wanted to be, more interesting, none of this would have happened'

'We cannot know for sure that the incident and its evolution would have been very different Hannibal. You may have, telescoped the sequence of events, but the outworking and outcome may have been the same' Bedelia thought for a moment 'where is your regret located in relation to this event? Is it that Will Graham might find out about your role in this occurrence'

'No. No, it's not that. I've already told Will. He was very kind about it. We will be going to sit with Abigail later. She is the girl whom we both helped survive. I've also put it in my report to Jack Crawford the head of the BAU. I cannot be useful to them if I can not be scrupulous in my dealings with them.'

'Then what Hannibal, I don't quite see..'

'My actions led to the death of Mrs Hobbs, and possibly Mr Hobbs too. Whilst I am ambivalent about his death, I feel great grief about hers. In effect I orphaned Abigail. I feel huge responsibility. But she is in no state to hear this now. I am trying to work out how to not burden either her or Will with my feelings in this.'

'In respect of Abigail you will have to wait. I am sure she will be assigned some kind of support when she awakens. As for Will, and Jack Crawford perhaps, the most healthy and useful thing you can do is to continue to be honest about what happened and what you feel about it. And continue to express support to Will who no doubt has his own issues in relation to this shooting'

Hannibal looked at Bedelia. He was glad to have his own instincts confirmed. He had felt dreadful when he had owned up to his error to Will. But Will had almost shrugged 'it's ok. How could you know? It's just dumb bad luck. Just like it was dumb good luck identifying him at all. And you saved Abigail. That's an enormous deal. I wouldn't have. If I'd been on my own I'd have killed her dad and she'd have bled out on the floor. You meant we saved someone, I'm grateful for that.' Will had even smiled at him and shaken his hand. Both of them were still covered in Hobbs' blood. 'What a sight we are! We should go get cleared up. Hannibal you should talk to someone. Don't let it fester.'

'You too Will, you should talk to someone' Hannibal had replied,

'Yeah, right, you know that'd be you, don't you?' Will had even grinned 'At least I won't have to explain everything! But you better get it straight before my appointment, otherwise Jack'll have to find someone else for both of us!'

Hannibal sighed. He had done a lot of sighing throughout the afternoon and evening, in fact it felt like one long exhale. 'Thank you Bedelia. You've been very helpful.'

After Hannibal had left, Bedelia opened a bottle of wine and drank a glass, looking out over her back garden. She considered that she had learnt more about Hannibal Lecter in the last forty minutes than in the previous four years of their acquaintance. She contemplated Will Graham, and resigned herself to hearing more.

I've often thought that in a benign AU Hannibal might have called the Hobbs household for understandable and also very stupid reasons. So I decided he would here.

And I just read a fantastic fic series called 'friendship is not my forte' which has something not totally dissimilar. For Hannibal reasons. Azure_K_Mello wrote it, and it's awesome (see what I did there?)

Not a golden ticket

Chapter Summary

Team Sassy Science help Will make sense of the deadly force encounter with the Hobbs family...

Chapter Notes

This used to be called 'definitely not the golden ticket' I'm trying to tidy up a bit!

Bev's sofa bed is very uncomfortable. Will can't understand why someone would keep a piece of furniture that both looks awful and is terrible to sleep/sit on. Apparently it's known in the team as 'Vlad the Impaler' as its metal struts and frame have been known to catch the unwary (read 'drunk') sleeper and not let go.

Now it's in the sofa configuration, and Will, Bev and Jimmy, are eating take out pizza together crammed in a line. Will is in the middle. Normally he'd hate it, but he's still shaken and being bookended is helping him submerge the noise in his head. It means he isn't actually processing the day fully. He'll pay for it later but right now he's taking what's in front of him - pizza and bad beer, and what's beside him- the friendship and support of Bev and Jimmy.

He's never actually shot anyone before. Let alone killed them. In the armed services it's what's called 'a deadly force encounter'. He's felt a roller coaster of emotions considering everything that's happened during the day.

It had started with Hannibal bringing breakfast. Just the thought makes him groan aloud.

Jimmy looks a question at him 'pretty sure that noise is not about the pizza?'

'I was a bit rude to Dr Lecter this morning.'

'I thought you liked him?'

'Yeah, that might have been why. I didn't sleep great and then he was at the door all bright and breezy and brekfasty. I was trying to ..'

'Wait' Bev interrupts 'he brought you breakfast? Man he's smooth'

Will narrows his eyes at her 'I was trying to get him to chill a bit, you know, be less loud. But he was pretty sweet and I panicked a little bit'

'W-I-I-I-L-L-L what do you mean you panicked? Oh god what did you say?'

'I might have said. And look, I was trying to flirt alright and I got it a bit wrong. I told him (deep breath) I didn't find him that interesting'

'Oh Will!'

'I know, pretty bad right? It is isn't it?'

'It's not the worst I've ever heard.' Jimmy sounds like he's trying to ease Will's pain 'but it's definitely in the top one'

Bev glares at him, and tries 'still, you shot someone and this is what you feel bad about'

'Yeah, but it's not that simple' he pauses to gnaw at his own bottom lip, and sounds a bit strained 'Hannibal will maybe mention it or Jack will. Hannibal called the Hobbs' house, he wanted to make sure Garrett Jacob Hobbs would be there, he was trying to be helpful. He's a bit upset about it.'

'Oh. Shiiiiit'

'Yeah'

'Do you think what you said....?'

'I'm not sure. I really hope not. I feel so bad for him. And he's a nice guy. Bit weirdly European, but nice'

The three of them each take another slice of solidifying cold pizza, and chew thoughtfully for a bit. They've all been out with him. Did like. Would invite again.

'So, how do you feel about Hobbs?'

'Also not great, but he didn't get to kill his daughter. That's gotta be good right?'

'Of course it is'

'Yeah, and I told Hannibal (Bev notes it's back to 'Hannibal' again) I wouldn't have been able to save her if he hadn't been there. I was a bit of a mess'

'So, maybe he feels a bit reassured by that'

'I hope so'

Jimmy thoughtfully puts down the pizza slice he's decided isn't worth it 'actually it's quite sweet. The two of you are both feeling guilty and responsible, and trying to take the blame so the other one doesn't feel too bad?'

'When you put it like that....'

They are all quiet again. Will does a huge use up all the oxygen in the room sigh

'I need another beer. And before you say anything else I do really like him'

'Tell him' Bev and Jimmy say it simultaneously, which make all three of them laugh.

'He's my psychiatrist'

'Tell him anyway'

'Maybe'

'Will' and its more of a growl than his name

'God Bev, I said maybe, yes, alright.' He can't help but think that that is not going to be a fun conversation in the light of today's events.

'Good. A toast then to 'him being interesting' Will sighs again and then smiles, they clink their beer bottles together.

Did he who made the Ticket make thee?

Chapter Summary

Abigail's first proper meeting with the people who changed her life..

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Abigail woke up yesterday feeling like she was suffocating. Turns out it was just an intubation tube to assist with her breathing. She delicately feels the bandage along her neck. She's not a hundred percent sure what happened so she's hoping to pick up a few clues about what took place from the visitors she's been told will be coming along today.

The first person to show up is a woman with dark auburn curly hair. She's slender and animated and her words are slippery. Abigail recognises her as someone both vicious and versatile. She rather likes her. Likes her style, her ability to mince words just so. She says one thing and means something much worse by it, and oh she doesn't care about niceties. Abigail thinks they could be friends. If she's useful. Abigail thinks about what angle to take.

So, her mum bled out on the front step. No one could save her. She didn't speak to anyone. She's been cremated. Ok.

Currently, until she knows a bit more she's the victim in all this. She doesn't have to practice doleful or angst ridden. She's a teenager, she's got both of those taped. She is having a go at bewildered and tortured. She never was an Emo, and she hated Twilight so she's not so good at the wear pale make up and too much lace thing. But she can practice. She tries one or two things out on Freddie, who looks at her sharply but seems to take her at face value. Ok she needs to practice some more.

The second person to show up is the guy she remembers shooting her dad. She looks at Will Graham like he's some kind of interesting specimen. He's clearly nervous and anxious about meeting with her. He also keeps looking at the door, what's that about? She's surprised he's an FBI agent of some kind. He seems too, what, twitchy? Nervous? Terrified? Maybe he's looking at the door because he likes to know where the exit is, and keep checking it hasn't upped and sealed itself. He seems, what, caring, concerned, guilty, nice? How very, boring.

So, her dad is dead. And also didn't talk to anyone. Good.

The third person to come is Dr Bloom, they've already met and Abigail had to quickly re-adjust her conversational input when she realised that the doctor was just a bit smarter than she'd thought. She's going to have a good look at the interactions she's witness to today to see how the interpersonal relationships play out. There'll be an angle she can work here for sure.

She knows almost instantly that the doctor and the FBI guy know each other. There's a tiny frisson of something there. Abigail smiles to herself, she can use that for sure.

What do people say, divide and conquer?

The fourth visitor is harder to pin down. He's quite interesting. For sure the suits hide some kind of something. Abigail can see instantly that the three pieces, the tie and the pocket square are like a magician's sleight of hand. Look over here, over here... so you totally miss what's happening over there. He's a bit obvious about it, but that may be just to be a bigger distraction. Hiding in plain sight. She smiles. She thinks she can have a lot of fun with this guy.

Once he opens his mouth she instantly knows it was him she talked to on the phone. He phoned the house, spoke to her and her dad. Oh this is fantastic. Do the others know. Probably not. What a fuck up! Oh, ho ho ho. Poor sap, this is just too good to be true. She has to fake a little cough she's trying so hard not to laugh.

And glasses seems to be into him. Oh she could have a lot of fun with them. It's like a little gift wrapped present, the four of them, smouldering and antagonistic and pining and oh such concern for her. Poor little girl. Poor little not dead girl. God they're pathetic. But useful. Potentially very useful. What that thing about keeping your friends close? Yeah, keep them close. They all want to be friends. So yes, make them friends and keep them close, and keep your enemies closer. Ha. Frienemies.

Apparently they're calling her dad the Minnesota Shrike. How exciting. To be given a name. A proper serial killer name. She wonders how long it's going to take them to work it out. God she's going to enjoy this. Really, it's almost better this way. She'll get right inside and just squat there like a malevolent toad spewing nastiness. Wind them up and watch them go! This is almost better than the girls.

Chapter End Notes

In the TV series my feelings about Abigail in the programme related to all the ways in which children can be victimised by their parents or care givers, and they can look as though they are acting of their own volition when it would have been almost impossible for them to act in any other way. Hence Alana meeting the window after Abigail had been in Hannibal's care for the best part of a series. Capture bonding. Stockholm Syndrome. Corruption of a minor. All at play.

This is not that Abigail. This Abigail is something else entirely.

It is a lottery

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will finally meet and talk through the Hobbs shooting, and eat dinner together. Hmm. Tasty.

'Did you have time to talk it through with someone?'

'Yes. I spoke with my own psychiatrist, she was helpful, and the comment you made was also an impetus to think some of the issues through'

'Ok. Two questions, what did I say that was, I'm going to say useful, as I think that's what you meant. And how long have you had a psychiatrist?'

'To answer, I've had a psychiatrist as long as I've been engaged in the practice myself. She's rather unconventional, and I think, helpful. And the useful comment was that you would need to be able to talk it through and that is part of my role to provide you that opportunity'

'Oh. Ok. Yes, but mainly I thought that you were rather distressed and maybe needed the support too? You don't have to say if you were, I'm just concerned that you're ok.'

'You're kind Will. In my work I see many different parts of life and those endeavouring to live it. Granted it is not usually quite so visceral but nevertheless I am not an innocent. But thank you.'

'I like your office'

Hannibal blinks at the non sequitur 'Oh?'

'The colours, the furnishings, the bonsai. I love the bonsai. And what's with the ear picture?'

Hannibal hadn't seen Will even cast a glance up to the second floor. He realises Will as well as being empathic is also incredibly observant. And his memory it seems is also prodigious. Hannibal is generally used to being the smartest person in the room, but he rather suspects that with Will around he might not be. How intriguing and challenging. And fun. Will Graham is going to be a lot of fun.

'I'm going to guess that some of the drawings are by you, which means you're not overly falsely modest. But there's other people's work too. Interesting. And a harpsichord. I hope you can play? (Hannibal nods) there are a few surprises here, this paperweight? I'm going to guess it was from a patient you actually like or a family member? It doesn't quite fit, so it must have some meaning for you (Hannibal nods again, Will smiles)

And the chairs. I wonder if you move them closer or farther apart depending on the client or how they are doing in their therapy, or even, for therapeutic effect (Hannibal is now openly grinning), see I don't mind some of the tricks, and I recognise their value too. I have to try not to see them sometimes so that the therapeutic effect takes.

But I will try. Ok? I'm going to try to cooperate, partly because I get it, partly to take one thing off Jack's plate (though who knows if he'll notice or believe me), and partly because I'm interested in what you've got to say. What I said before? It's not relevant. Ok? We're past that. I hope. I'm sorry for being both rude and unkind. You'd been nothing but courteous. So I apologise. Ok. Are we good?

Hannibal can only nod. 'Thank you. I appreciate your candour. I agree, we have progressed beyond those formalities and in so saying here is your paperwork, you are, more or less, sane and fit for fieldwork'

'Wow, did you just rubber stamp me? Are you sure? I'm not sure I'd rubber stamp me!'

'I will admit that if the paperwork is out of the way we can focus less on the doctor/patient dynamic and instead enjoy further conversation. Do you not think that preferable?'

'Sure, but you don't have to think of me as a patient in order to talk to me, have conversations do you?' Will has got up now and is walking round the room. Hannibal doesn't think it's an indication of anxiety or discomfort more that Will has possibly got a teeny bit bored of labouring the point. They get on well, they're grown ups they can talk to each other if they damn well please. And they do please, so what's the issue?

Hannibal stands and is mildly surprised to find himself circling the room too. Not on the same orbit as Will but one that intersects. They finally enter eclipse just beside the ladder that goes up to the higher gallery of books. Will leans back on the ladder and regards Hannibal who has come to a stop just inside what politely is Will's personal space. His arousal spikes and he thinks the same is true of the doctor.

If he thought this could just be a quick sex oriented fling he'd take that opportunity right now. But he wonders if it's just possible it could be something more. He still leans forward though and removes a thread from Hannibal's collar. In turn Hannibal leans into the touch as if anticipating that particular something more.

Dear god, thinks Hannibal I nearly kissed him!

Hannibal rocks back on his heels and Will moves off the ladder. 'you said something about dinner? Is that still an option?' Will's got to give it to the doctor he recovered fast from the kiss that wasn't. And although he's blinked once he's back on track 'is that something you'd enjoy?'

'I like talking with you, so yes. I would. Doesn't have to be now though if you'd prefer. I know you squeezed this session in'

'Not at all, you're the final session of any day we meet, so it would be a perfect continuation. Come, why don't you follow me, it's only a short drive.'

.....

Back home in Wolf Trap Will thinks over the conversations with Hannibal. In particular in relation to Abigail Hobbs. It's interesting that they both feel somewhat guilty and responsible, and obligated. But just as much they can see how it would be easy to create a certain kind of dependency it would be healthy to avoid fostering. Will feels a teeny hint of sadness at that. He quite likes the girl, but he also respects treatment plans and knows that being friends with the guys that killed your dad isn't necessarily the most mentally healthy choice.

He's meeting with Jack and Alana tomorrow, Hannibal has been asked too but may not be able to make it, some other appointment of his he can't postpone. He hopes they can provide a united front. Working out a way forward that will close the case finally and meet Abigail's needs won't necessarily be straight forwards. Still, they'll try.

As he's closing the door on the dogs and pulling some curtains and blinds down he thinks about Hannibal's office again. Actually truthfully he thinks about the ladder again. He has a happy mental image of Hannibal pushing him up against that ladder and of them making a real mess of his suit. He palms himself through his trousers. Is he doing this? How late is it?

Ok, send a quick text to Bev.

Ok, maybe a quick thank you to Dr Lecter (he must keep saying that out loud or he'll slip in public and it's too soon for first names given the patient/doctor thing)

*hey, thanks for dinner. I enjoyed it very much. And the conversation, and the company. I'm not a 100% sure about the centrepiece, but I imagine skulls aren't everybody's thing? Or was that just some interesting juxtaposition with the food? Dead living things, and living dead things? Still delicious though. My turn next. I do a mean sole (I'm sure you can supply a good pun for that) Will *

He looks at it for a moment or two. Is he doing this! Yeah. He is. The ladder incident if nothing else. He'd had a moment of thinking just how glorious it could be. Hannibal in a suit was an indication of how good he'd be out of it. He hits send. Whilst he waits to see if Hannibal replies he gently eases his khakis off and lies down on the bed in the living room, back propped up by pillows. He moves his hand up and down his groin. Outside his boxers for now.

Text, from Bev. He smiles.

All right then? How was it? What's his bedside manner like? Wink. See you tomorrow morning? Bring caffeine kissss.

Text, from Hannibal

*Always a pleasure Will. I shall resist the temptation of a fish related pun for fear of being put in my place (really? snorts Will) perhaps Friday next week? Or Saturday, if we have our usual session on Thursday? We may, of course encounter one another before then, I can only hope. Warm regards Hannibal Lecter *

Fuck, thinks Will. He is mooning over his psychiatrist. Wow. If he's worried about Abigail's mental health he should be worried about his. He's practically drafting wedding vows and they met what, a month ago, shit, less than that. It's just. There's something very attractive about the whole buttoned up thing. He notices further interest down south. Fuck it, he won't sleep unless he does something about that. Ok, shower, and some happy jerking off.

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